Fast Food (#HardAtWorkChallenge)

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Fast Food (#HardAtWorkChallenge)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will and Hannibal have been together for a month, it's amazing they haven't already had a fight given that they can both be complete assholes. So, their inevitable first fight happens...

Notes

Gifted to Sirenja and DrJLecter who had the ridiculous suggestion of including the ridiculous Atlantica Alpha & Omega EAU DE TOILETTE

This is a one-shot for this challenge... don't worry, Hanni's rut will happen in the next full installment.

Despite Will's best efforts, it was pretty clear Hannibal didn't believe him when he tried to explain that it was an accident.

He stood in Hannibal's office and the doctor looked incredibly displeased. They'd only been seeing each other a month and Will had never seen this reaction before, but then he'd never visited him at work before. They'd had a few dates, spent time at the Double Knot, and a lot of time at Hannibal's house. A lot of time. Good, nice time. In that time Hannibal had been charming, confident, but also nurturing and giving, and of course a bit of an asshole. But this was beyond a *bit* of an asshole.

"I've said sorry Hannibal, and I'm not even sure I really needed to do that considering it wasn't really my fault." He paused, almost biting back his next words but not managing it. "You're being a bit of an asshole about this!"

This. Will thought. *This is why it's so difficult to date other Alphas.* Alphas couldn't help being assholes from time to time; having two in a relationship was bound to result in the occasional blow up, especially when one of them was out of line, like now!

"Will, I was prepping for surgery; I thought there was an emergency-" Hannibal's tone was firm and commanding. Enough to intimidate even other alpha's, though not Will, who was too pissed off to be remotely intimidated by the man he was currently sleeping with on a regular basis.

"I told you there wasn't; I've explained this… like three times now. I don't know what else you want me to say. Just go do your surgery-"

"Another doctor is covering for me now." The words were growled out.

Will knew how much Hannibal hated swapping surgeries; it was something he'd been vocal about more than once. Will opened his mouth to say something more, but he'd already said

everything he could think of - three times! The lull in dialogue seemed to prompt Hannibal to fill the silence with more angry words because he then added -

“And your disgusting food is stinking up my office!”

Will looked at the bag in his hand - burger and fries from the fast food place that was ironically close to the hospital's nutrition centre.

“I’m sorry for that too!” Will snapped out his words and flung the bag at the waste bin next to the desk. It missed and the floor was strewn with a scattering of fries and their pungent scent, which would no doubt linger.

“Will!” Hannibal snarled out his name in a warning tone.

“Don’t! Don’t even fucking bother. I’m leaving.” Will turned and walked out the door, leaving it open behind him.

*

“So I don’t get what his problem was?” Will’s partner, Eloise Jackson, had inevitably taken his side though Will was sure he probably had made Hannibal out to be much worse in the retelling. He hadn’t seen or talked to Hannibal at all since the fight in his office three days earlier - but then he had been working almost solidly.

Jackson pulled out her sunglasses and popped them on as they turned a corner and into the park. Not their usual beat but a nice change of scenery. Will had returned to active duty a little over a week earlier and felt like both Jackson and the department were easing him in gently to some extent. The park wasn’t too far from the hospital, which is how Will had ended up stopping by whilst grabbing some lunch the day of the fight. The stupid fucking fight.

He’d finally relented and told Jackson what had been bothering him when she told him she was taking any more of his snappy alpha shit.

“He thought it was an emergency; he got out of the surgery he was prepping for, and he hates doing that.”

“Oh.” Jackson’s tone was playfully knowing.

“What ‘oh’? What’s that supposed to mean.”

“Damn Will, you alphas are all so thick headed… he thought it was an emergency. He was freaking out because he was worried about you. Because he thought *you* had an emergency. Damn, doctor’s got it bad for you Willy.”

Will rolled his eyes at her, she returned a grin. “Well… he was an asshole about it either way,” Will replied whilst her words sunk in and left him with a bittersweet feeling.

He could, now she mentioned it, see how Hannibal might have overreacted because he had been worried about Will. He might have even done the same. Will replayed the event in his

head.

Will's new beat took him almost past the hospital, close enough that he could use the excuse of getting lunch from Burgers2Go to drop in and say hi to Hannibal. He wasn't sure where his boyfriend's office was, or even if he'd be there, so he had stopped by the OR reception. That had been a mistake. They were busy; the receptionist was flustered and when he had asked about Hannibal she'd asked for his name - which he had given. He hadn't had chance to explain further before she looked him up on the system, saw that he had recently been operated on by Dr Lecter and had a nurse's aide see him through to the office. She must have then paged Hannibal, who arrived at the office expecting to find a returned patient, his boyfriend no less, with potential post op issues. Instead he found a perfectly fine Will carrying a bag of the sort of food Hannibal avoided like the plague. Apparently this was not okay.

"The fact that I was in his office and not the ER should have surely been a clue that it wasn't anything serious." Will said defensively.

"Damn, Graham! Have you even been in a relationship before?" Jackson laughed.

"I'm not even sure I'm in one now." Deflated. He sighed. "Maybe that's for the best anyway."

He had never been secretive about his sexuality, but for the most part it had never come up. This new relationship had effectively outed him to those who might not have otherwise known, and reactions at work had been interesting to say the least. Most were indifferent, much as they were to him as a person and colleague in general. There were the extremes though - some people had a problem with it to varying degrees and a couple of the higher ups were weirdly happy about it - it filled some sort of equal opportunities employment tick box. Which really felt about as shitty as that could feel. But, at least Will figured it would balance out his chances of promotion either way.

On top of the potential for discrimination, Will returned to the fact that being in a relationship with an alpha was hard work. He wondered if he'd be better off adopting a pack of dogs and steering clear of people altogether. He sort of envied Hannibal that the doctor seemed open to relations with any gender - Will just had no interest beyond alphas, and wasn't that a fucking problem.

"I was going to get him a gift." Will blurted out and immediately regretted it. Jackson's eyes were wide and amused. "To apologise." He started to explain and then added "Not that I have anything to apologise for. Urgh!" He rubbed the bridge of his nose.

"What were you going to get him?" Jackson stifled a laugh.

"I… oh god this is embarrassing. I saw this cologne online.. I just sort of fell down one of those internet search holes you know? He smells good, like, really good. He wears expensive stuff that totally compliments his natural… nevermind. I started with that and the next thing I know it's three hours later and I'm on the verge of buying this random cologne called 'Atlantic' by some company in Belarus… Which is next to Lithuania. Which seemed oddly

important… because he's Lithuanian." Will shook his head but was surprised that Jackson hadn't started laughing at him.

"Were you drinking?" Her look hovered somewhere between incredulous and concerned.

"No." Will's tone fell between defeat and shame.

At that, Jackson laughed. "Will, you've got it bad!"

*

Will and Jackson got back to the precinct after their shift ended, both ready to go home. It was close to 11pm and Will was hungry, trying to figure out if he was hungry enough to actually stop somewhere on the way home and grab something.

He was just about to head into the locker room when the sergeant called out to him. The beta looked grim and Will cursed under his breath - nothing good ever came from that look. He made his way to the sergeant's office, ignoring the looks of his colleagues.

"This is Officer Graha-"

"Ah yes, this was the man, thank you sergeant, you've been most helpful." Hannibal Lecter, it seemed, had a way of dismissing people from their own office.

"Well, yes umm…" Sergeant Jones was already heading out the door. "Will, Count Lecter wants an update on the incident report you took for him. Would you be so kind…" And then the door closed behind him.

"What the fuck Hannibal! You can't turn up at my job and lie about shit. If you wanted to talk to me you could have just phoned me!" Will wasn't just annoyed, he was bewildered that Hannibal would come to his place of work and lie about an incident report.

"I… wanted to see you in person." Hannibal's tone was firm but sincere, his eyes were soft with a look verging on pleading. He looked a little strained, as though he was holding himself back from physically reaching for Will.

"You could have come to my fucking house!" Will tried to sound as annoyed as he was, but found his tone softened, almost to levity. Hannibal fucking Lecter, just doing what the fuck he wanted - and, didn't Will kind of adore him for that?

"I wasn't sure when you were working… whether you would be at the city apartment or in Wolftrap." Damn! Hannibal actually sounded a little sheepish, and that was going to really hinder Will's efforts to stay mad at him.

"How the hell did you know that I would be here?"

"I called when I finished work and they told me when your shift ended so-"

"So, you came here and lied about reporting an incident?" Will's tone was lighter now, but not the chuckle he felt in his chest. No, that was kept down by the annoyance he still felt. He

sighed. “If I didn’t know better I’d think that my job is a fucking joke to you.” Will’s throat burned a little with the emotion. He’d missed Hannibal; he wanted them to get past this.

Hannibal looked taken aback. “No, of course it isn’t, I… I wanted to… I’m not used to apologising Will, I wanted to see you in person to do it. I thought this would be amusing.”

“Yet again Doctor, our ideas on what counts as funny are very, very different.” Will found himself grinning.

Hannibal was on his feet now, moving so he stood as close to Will as he could without being inappropriate.

“Please Will… I missed you. I’m sorry, I really am. I overreacted. I’m sorry I didn’t call you. I wanted to but, I thought you might not want to talk to me. I was going to wait to see if you called, and then I couldn’t wait anymore.”

Hannibal couldn’t wait any longer? It had been three days! Only three days. That made Will’s heart ache in the very best of ways.

“I wouldn’t have called.” Will admitted. “I’d have assumed it was over unless I heard from you.”

Hannibal looked truly hurt, not at Will perhaps, more at the situation.

“I’m sorry Will, I thought… I thought there was something wrong and I was worried about you and I overreacted.” Hannibal admitted.

Will let a smile tug at his lips at the confirmation of what Jackson had said. Maybe he should go to her for relationship advice in the future.

“It’s ok. I’m sorry I made you worry… and that I threw takeout all over your office.” Hannibal stepped closer and Will raised his hand slightly to stop him. “But… You’ve got to go. I need to clock out... Do you want to wait for me downstairs?”

A wolfish grin spread across Hannibal’s face. “Yes, I’d like the opportunity to apologise to you properly.” He said before moving his hand. His whole body still unmoved, his arm went forward and his hand cupped Will’s dick.

“Holy fuck.” Will’s voice went a higher pitch than intended. This was not ok, but it was so good. He didn’t even know what was better, the hand on his cock or knowing that Hannibal got anything he wanted, like the privileged prick that he was.

The hand worked over him now, rubbing gently until Will was completely hard, which only took moments.

“I’ll wait in the lobby.” Hannibal all but whispered before removing his hand. A true whisper then as he brushed past Will- “Oh, and bring your date book, so you can note down the date my rut is due - you will be wanting to book some time off.” The smile turned mischievous as he opened the door. A last look back at his painfully aroused lover.

“Hannibal, you are such a fucking asshole!” Will muttered under his breath.

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